

The Tragedy

He is frank vp to fating for his paines,
 God par-lon them that are the cause of it,
Rm. A vertuous and Christian like conclusion,
 To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduised,
 For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.
Cats. Maddam his Maiesty doth call for you :
 And for your noble grace and you my Lord.
Qs. *Catsby* we come, Lords will you goe with vs.
R. Maddam we will attend your grace. *Exunt Ma. Glo.*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and first began to brawle,
 The secret mischiefe that I set abroach,
 I lay vnto the greivous charge of others :
Clarence, whom I indeede haue laid in darkenesse :
 I doe beweepe to many simple gulls :
 Namely to Hastings, Darby Buckingham,
 And say it is the Queene, and her allies.
 That stirre the K. against the Duke my brother.
 Now they belecue me, and withall wet me
 To bee reuenged one *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*.
 But then sigh, and with a peece of scriprure,
 Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill :
 And thus I cloath my naked villany
 With old od ends, stolen out of holy writ,
 And seeme a S. when most I play the diuell.
 But soft heere comes my executioners, *Enter executioners.*
 How now, my hardly stout resolved mates,
 Are yea not going to dispatch this deed ?
Exo. We are my Lord and come to haue the warrant,
 That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me,
 When you haue done repaire to Crosby place :
 But sirs, be suddaine in the execution :
 Withall, obdurate : doe not heere him pleade,
 For *Clarens* is well spoken, and perhaps
 May moue your hearts to pity if you marke him.
Exo. Tush, feare not, my Lord we will not stant to prate,
 Talkers are no good doers be assured :
 We come to vse our hands and not our tongues.

of Richard the Third.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fooles eies drop teares.
 I like you Lads, about your businesse. *Exunt*

Enter Clarence Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes your Grace so heauily to day ?

Cl. O I haue past a miserable night,
 So full of vgly sights, of gastly dreames :
 That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though t'were to by a world of happy dayes,
 So full of dismall terrour was the time.

Bro. What was your dreame ? I long to heare you tell it.

Cl. Me thought I was imbarke for burgundy,
 And in my company my brother *Glocester*,
 Who from my cabben tempted me to walke
 Vpon the hatches there he looks toward *England*,
 And cited up a thousand fearefull times,
 During the warres of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
 That had befallen vs : as we past along,
 Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
 Me thought that *Glocester* stumbled and in stumbling
 Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer boord
 Into the tumbling billowes of the maine :
 Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to croune,
 What dredfull noyse of water in mine eares,
 What a sight of death within mine eyes :
 Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wrackes,
 Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed vpon,
 Wedges of gold, greate Anchors, heapes of pearle,
 Inestimable stones, vnvalued iewels,
 Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 As if it twere in scorne of eyes, reflecting gems,
 Which wade the slimie bottome of the deepe,
 And mokit the dead bones that lay scatered by.
Brok. Had you such leasure in the time of death,
 To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe ?

Cl. Me thought I had : for still the enuious flood
 Kept in my soule, and would not let it forth,
 To keepe the empty, vast, and wandering ayre,

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